



# **JOLLY SONGS**

**of the**

**Queen's Own Rifles of Canada.**



15 -

# JOLLY SONG BOOK

OF THE

Queen's Own Rifles of Canada

TORONTO

MAY

TWENTY-FOURTH

NINETEEN-THIRTEEN



# Queen's Own Rifles of Canada

## JOLLY SONGS

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### 1.—ANY RAGS?

Any rags? Rags?

Any rags, any bones, any bottles to-day,

There's a big, black rag-picker coming this way,

Any rags? Rags?

Any rags, any bones, any bottles, to-day,

It's the same old story in the same old way.

### 2.—ALOUETTE.

Alouette, gentille Alouette, Alouette, je te plumerai

Je te plumerai la tête, je te plumerai la tête,

Et la tête, et la tête.

Chorus.

O—Alouette, gentille Alouette

Alouette, je te plumerai.

Alouette, gentille Alouette, Alouette, je te plumerai

Je te plumerai le bec, je te plumerai le bec

Et le bec, et le bec, et la tête, et la tête—O etc.

### 3.—ALL ALONE.

All alone, all alone, nobody here but me,

All is nice and cosy, everything is rosy,

We'll have lots of——

Hurry up and get here, honey,

Take a car, it's not far,

My time is all my own;

Hurry up, there's something missing,

We'll have lots of kissing,

Pa and ma have left me all alone.

### 4.—ANNIE LAURIE.

Maxwelton's braes are bonnie, where early fa's the dew,

And 'twas there that Annie Laurie gave me her promise true,

Gave me her promise true, which ne'er forgot will be,

And for bonnie Annie Laurie, I'd lay me doon and dee.



### 5.—AULD LANG SYNE.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And never brought to min'?  
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And days o' auld lang syne?

### 6.—AT THE DEVIL'S BALL.

At the Devil's ball, at the Devil's ball,  
I saw the cute Mrs. Devil, so pretty and fat,  
Dressed in a beautiful fireman's hat,  
Ephraham, the leader man, who led the band last fall,  
He played the music at the Devil's ball, in the Devil's hall,  
I saw the funniest devil that I ever saw,  
Taking the tickets from folks at the door,  
I caught a glimpse of my mother-in-law dancing with the  
Devil,  
Oh! the little Devil, dancing at the Devil's ball.

### 7.—A WEE DEOCH-AN'-DORIS.

Just a wee deoch-an'-doris,  
A wee drap, that's a',  
A wee deoch-an'-doris  
Before we gang awa',  
There's a wee wifie waiting,  
In a wee but-an'-ben,  
If ye can say: "It's a braw, bricht, moonlicht nicht,  
Ye're a'richt, ye ken.

### 8.—A GOOD CIGAR IS A SMOKE.

Puff, puff, puff, puff, watching the smoke arising  
Puff, puff, puff, puff, soon you'll be realizing,  
That which the poet has written is true,  
All love is a practical joke,  
For a woman is only a woman, my boy,  
But a good cigar is a smoke.

### 9.—"ALEXANDER'S RAGTIME BAND."

Come on and hear, come on and hear  
Alexander's Ragtime Band.  
Come on and hear, come on and hear  
It's the best band in the land.  
They can play a bugle call like you never heard before,

So natural that you want to go to war.  
That's just the bestest band what am, honey lamb,  
Come on along, come on along,  
Let me take you by the hand,  
Up to the man, up to the man  
Who's the leader of the band;  
And if you care to hear the Swanee River played in ragtime,  
Come on and hear, come on and hear  
Alexander's Ragtime Band.

**10.—ARE YOU COMING OUT TO-NIGHT, MARY ANN?**

Are you coming out to-night, Mary Ann-  
Arrah, don't say that you can't, for you can;  
There's a gossoon wants to spoon underneath the harvest  
moon,  
Sure, it's me, can't you see? Mike McGee, it's me!  
There's a tale I want to tell, Mary Ann,  
Oh, 'tis you that knows it well, Mary Ann;  
There's a kiss goes with it, too, Mary Ann, what's keeping  
you?  
Are you coming out to-night, Mary Ann?

**11.—ANY LITTLE GIRL THAT'S A NICE LITTLE GIRL  
IS THE RIGHT LITTLE GIRL FOR ME.**

Any little girl, that's a nice little girl, is the right little  
girl for me,  
She don't have to look like a girl in a book, if a good cook  
she should be;  
She don't have to wear rats in her hair, or a straight  
front X. Y. Z.,  
Any little girl, that's a nice little girl, is the right little  
girl for me.

**12.—B-E-A-N-S.**

Oh, we had a fine trip and it went with a rip,  
As on Abraham's Plains we paraded,  
With hearts light and cheery, the Tercentenary  
And the name of Champlain celebrated.  
Now "—" Company is the best company  
The old Q.O.R. can support, sir,  
At marching they're slick, and at shooting they're quick,  
Yet the beans at Quebec made them snort, sir.

Refrain.

Beans, beans, nothing but beans,  
'Tis Quebec where the beans are all grown;  
A ration—all change would have felt far too strange,  
For 'twas beans that they gave the Queen's Own.

Now we had a review for the public to view,  
With the sun on the plains hotly shining,  
But His Majesty's heir and Lord Roberts were there,  
So we waited our turn without pining.  
And yet I regret, though our teeth we did set,  
How the food that we ate overcame us,  
And some fellows felt blue. Read the chorus, and who  
But the toughest beaneater can blame us?

It's as nice as can be to be easy and free  
With a beefsteak well cooked to sustain you,  
And a good glass of beer—you won't feel half so queer  
As when beans fill the whole of the menu.  
So we got very sick while we stayed in Quebec  
And our stomachs were thrown on their uppers,  
For nothing was seen on the table but beans,  
For our breakfasts and dinners and suppers.

Tune—"Valley of Bong."

13.—"BILLY."

For when I walk I always walk with Billy,  
'Cause Billy knows just where to walk.  
And when I talk I always talk with Billy,  
'Cause Billy knows just how to talk.  
And when I dine I always dine with Billy,  
He takes me where I get my fill.  
And when I sleep, and when I sleep,  
I always dream of Bill.

14.—BEDELIA.

Bedelia, I want to steal ye, Bedelia I love you so,  
I'll be your Chauncey Olcott, if you'll be my Molly O',  
Say something, sweet Bedelia, your voice I like to hear,  
O, Bedelia, elia, elia, I've made up my mind to steal ye,  
steal ye, steal ye,  
Bedelia dear.



### 15.—BLUEBELL.

Good-bye my Bluebell, farewell to you,  
I will be thinking of your eyes so blue,  
    'Mid campfires gleaming,  
    'Mid shot and shell,  
I will be dreaming of my own Bluebell.

### 16.—BUDWEISER.

Bud Budweiser is a friend of mine,  
Friend of mine, yes, a friend of mine.  
What care I if the stars don't shine when I quaff Budweiser?  
That's the reason I feel so fine, feel so fine, yes, feel so fine,  
Old Bill the Kaiser is a friend of Budweiser,  
Budweiser's a friend of mine.

### 17.—BAGGAGE GUARD.

Baggage guard! Form fours;  
Reform two deep.  
For God's sake, men hurry,  
Three weeks on manoeuvres,  
And can't form fours yet!  
Don't you want to be a soldier?

### 18.—BILLY MAGEE MAGAR.

There were three crows sat on a tree, O Billy Magee Magar,  
There were three crows sat on a tree, O Billy Magee Magar,  
There were three crows sat on a tree, and they were black  
    as black could be,  
And they all flapped their wings and cried, Caw, caw, caw,  
    Billy Magee Magar,  
And they all flapped their wings and cried Billy Magee Magar.

### 19.—BOYS OF THE OLD BRIGADE.

Where are the boys of the Old Brigade,  
Who fought with us side by side?  
Shoulder to shoulder and blade to blade,  
Fought till they fell and died.  
Who so ready and undismayed,  
Who so merry and true?  
Where are the boys of the Old Brigade,  
Where are the lads we knew?

Chorus.

Then steadily, shoulder to shoulder,  
Steadily blade by blade,  
Ready and strong, marching along,  
Like the boys of the Old Brigade.  
(Repeat chorus).

Over the sea far away they lie,  
Far from the land of their love,  
Nations alter, the years go by,  
But Heaven still is Heaven above.  
Not in the Abbey proudly laid,  
Find they a place or part,  
The gallant boys of the Old Brigade,  
They sleep in old England's heart.  
(Chorus and Repeat).

**20.—BE MY LITTLE BABY BUMBLE BEE.**

Be my little baby bumble bee,  
Bring home all the honey, love, to me.  
Let me spend the happy hours,  
Roving with you 'mongst the flowers,  
And when we get, where no one else can see  
Be my little baby bumble bee,  
We'll be just as happy as can be,  
Honey, keep a-buzzin', please,  
I've got a dozen cousin bees,  
But I want you to be my baby bumble bee.

**21.—BY THE LIGHT OF THE SILVERY MOON.**

By the light of the silvery moon,  
I want to spoon, to my honey I'll croon love's tune,  
Honey-moon, keep a-shining in June,  
Your silvery beams will bring love dreams,  
We'll be cuddling soon, by the silvery moon.

**22.—BILLY, BILLY, BOUNCE YOUR BABY DOLL.**

Billy, Billy, bounce your baby doll,  
Billy, Billy, bounce me like a ball,  
And I'll roll you around like a hoops, my dear,  
You feel like you're looping the loops, my dear,  
Billy, Billy, bounce me up and down,  
Billy, Billy, bounce me 'round and 'round,  
Ho, high up in the air, oh, my, what do we care,  
Eins, zwei, drei, it's a bear, Billy, Billy bounce your baby  
doll.

### 23.—CANADA.

Brave men and true let's name the land  
Where Freedom loves to dwell,  
Where Truth and Honor firmly stand,  
Whose children love her well.

Canada, Canada, Canada!  
Fair land so vast and free!  
O give me then fair Canada,  
For she's the land for me.

### 24.—CASEY JONES.

Casey Jones, mounted to the cabin,  
Casey Jones, with his orders in his hand,  
Casey Jones, mounted to the cabin,  
And he took his farewell trip to that promised land.

### 25.—CORONATION SONG.

O, we'll ask old Brown to tea,  
Yes, we'll ask old Brown to tea;  
And if he won't come,  
We'll ask his son  
And the whole damn family.  
So we'll all be merry,  
Drinking whiskey, wine and sherry,  
All be merry,  
On the coronation day.

### 26.—COCKLES AND MUSSELS.

In Dublin's fair city, where the girls are so pretty,  
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone.  
As she wheeled her wheelbarrow through streets broad  
and narrow,  
Crying, "Cockles and mussels a-live, alive O!  
A-live, a-live O! A-live, a-live O."  
Crying, "Cockles and mussels a-live, a-live O."

### 27.—CALLIGAN—CALL AGAIN.

Said I to Calligan, "You'll have to call again,"  
"Call again," said Calligan, "not I!"  
Said I to Calligan, "You'll have to call again  
For I haven't got your M-O-N-E-Y."

### 28.—COME WITH ME TO CANADA.

Won't you come, come, come to me in Canada  
In Canada, in Canada?  
Won't you come, come, come to me in Canada,  
Away across the sea?  
With the church-bells ringing on our wedding day,  
We'll sail away, off in a sleigh,  
And if you'll be my wife  
I'll be happy for life,  
In my cosy Canadian home.

### 29.—COME JOSEPHINE, IN MY FLYING MACHINE.

Come, Josephine, in my flying machine, going up, she goes,  
up she goes,  
Balance yourself like a bird on a beam, in the air she goes,  
there she goes,  
Up, up, a little bit higher, oh, my, the moon is on fire.  
Come, Josephine, in my flying machine, going up, all on,  
good-bye.

### 30.—DO IT AGAIN.

I kind-a liked it when you gave me a lovin' kiss,  
Do it again, do it again,  
Hold me steady, now I'm ready. Umm! That's wonderful,  
I kind-a liked it when you covered me up with bliss,  
Do it again, do it again,  
Don't you fear, even if it rained and thundered,  
Stay right here, kiss me till I count a hundred,  
When I've counted to a hundred, do it again.

### 31.—DUBLIN DAISIES.

Where, tell me where, are the daisies half so fair  
As in Paddy's land?  
That's me daddy's land,  
And he said to me, "If 'tis beauties you would see,  
Take a trip right down to ould Dublin town;  
Their eyes, and their sighs win the hearts of all the byes.  
There's no lily fair, nor a rose so rare  
That can equal one of those sweet Dublin Daisies."

#### Chorus.

They will steal your hearts—those Dublin Daisies,  
With their roguish smiles, and eyes aglow;  
With their witching arts, they'll set you crazy,  
For they come from where the shamrock grows.



Hark! can they spark? Ar-rah! meet me after dark,  
    'Neath an Irish moon,  
    You can learn to spoon;  
And kiss, talk of bliss, faith and let me whisper this,  
They're the kind that burn, make your poor heart yearn;  
And squeeze, if you please, they're the colleens that can  
    tease.  
Sure, you'd want to say, "Take my heart away,  
And divide it up amongst those Dublin Daisies."

### 32.—DRINK TO ME ONLY.

Drink to me only with thine eyes, and I will pledge with  
    mine,  
Or leave a kiss within the cup, and I'll not ask for wine;  
The thirst that from the soul doth rise, doth ask a drink  
    divine,  
But might I of love's nectar sip, I would not change for  
    thine.

### 33.—DEAR, DELIGHTFUL WOMEN.

Oh, you dear, delightful women, why I simply love you all,  
And I don't much care if you're dark or fair,  
If you're bad, if you're bold, if you're coy, if you're cold,  
For the fact remains, you're women,  
Gay or simple, short or tall,  
But I can't suggest which I love the best,  
For I love everyone of you best of all.

### 34.—DRINKING, DRINKING, DRINKING.

In cellar cool at ease I sit, upon a barrel resting,  
In merry mood I loudly call, the finest wine requesting,  
The cellar man the beaker fills, my lips I soon am linking,  
And deep and long, the luscious draught I'm drinking,  
    drinking, drinking.

That demon thirst is quite a plague, but so that I may  
    scare him,  
Again I raise the beaker high, and boldly quaffing, dare him,  
The world seems clothed in rosy tints, its clouds to nought  
    are shrinking,  
I feel a friend to every man, while drinking, drinking,  
    drinking.

### 35.—EVERYBODY TWO-STEP.

Everybody two-step and grab a girlie girl,  
Everybody two-step and do the twirly-whirl,  
Shake your feet with all your might,  
Everybody two-step and two-step right,  
If you want to two-step just like a polar bear,  
Everybody does it, nobody ought to care,  
Everybody wiggle-waggle, then you make a bow,  
Everybody two-step now.

### 36.—EN ROULANT MA BOULE.

En roulant ma boule roulant,  
En roulant ma boule.  
Derrier' chez nous ya t'un etang.  
En roulant ma boule.  
Trois beaux canards s'en vont baignant, rouli,  
Roulant, ma boule roulant.  
En roulant, ma boule roulant,  
En roulant ma boule.

### 37.—EVERYBODY'S DOING IT.

Everybody's doing it, doing it, doing it,  
Everybody's doing it, doing it, doing it,  
See that ragtime couple over there,  
Watch them throw their shoulders in the air,  
Snap their fingers—Honey, I declare,  
It's a bear, it's a bear, it's a bear! There!  
Everybody's doing it, doing it, doing it,  
Everybody's doing it, doing it, doing it,  
Ain't that music touching your heart?  
See that trombone busting apart!  
Come, come, come, come let us start—  
Everybody's doing it now.

### 38.—EVERY LITTLE MOVEMENT.

Every little movement has a meaning all its own,  
Every thought and feeling by some posture can be shown,  
And every love thought that comes a-stealing,  
O'er your being, will be revealing,  
All its sweetness, in some appealing  
Little gesture, all, all its own.

### 39.—EVERYBODY LOVES A CHICKEN.

Everybody loves a chicken, everybody wants a girl that's  
cute and neat,  
All the boys they love the small ones, they don't care  
for old or tall ones,  
They love them thin and sweet, everybody loves to love a  
chicken,  
And that is why when girls pass by you'll hear the boys  
all cry,  
Chick, chick, chick, chick, chick, chick, chick,  
Chick, chick, chick, chick, chick, chick, chick,  
Oh, what I'd do for a chicken like you, everybody loves  
a chicken.

### 40.—EVERYBODY WORKS BUT FATHER.

Everybody works but father,  
He sits around all day,  
Feet in front of the fire,  
Smoking his pipe of clay.  
Mother takes in washing,  
So does sister Ann,  
Everybody works in our house,  
But my old man.

### 41.—EVERYBODY GIVES ME GOOD ADVICE.

Everybody gives me good advice, but then nobody offers  
me the price,  
Well, a glad handshake and a good kind word, wouldn't  
buy a dinner for a humming birl,  
Consolation may be very nice, but money cuts an awful  
lot of ice,  
When you're feeling mighty blue, and you ain't got a sou,  
Everybody gives you good advice.

### 42.—EVERY LITTLE BIT ADDED TO WHAT YOU'VE GOT MAKES JUST A LITTLE BIT MORE.

Every little bit added to what you've got,  
Makes just a little bit more,  
That's a rule I learnt at school,  
That two and two make four,  
So save up your pennies and collect all your rocks.  
And you'll always have tobacco in your old tobacco box,  
For every little bit added to what you've got,  
Makes just a little bit more.

**43.—FLANAGAN.**

Flanagan, Flanagan,  
Take me to the Isle of Man—again,  
Take me where the folks all cry  
K—E double L—Y,  
Flanagan, Flanagan,  
If you love your Mary Ann,  
Oh! Oh! Flanagan,  
Take me to the Isle of Man.

**44.—FOU THE NOO.**

And I'm fou the noo, absolutely fou,  
But I adore the country I was born in,  
My name is Jock McGraw, an' I dinna care a straw,  
For I've somethin' in the bottle for the mornin'!

**45.—FALL IN AND FOLLOW ME.**

Fall in and follow me, fall in and follow me,  
Come along and never mind the weather, all together,  
Stand on me, boys, I know the way to go,  
I'll take you for a spree, you do as I do and you'll do right,  
Fall in and follow me.

**46.—GOOD-BYE, BOYS.**

Good-bye, boys, I'm going to be married to-morrow  
Good-bye, boys, I'm going from sunshine to sorrow,  
No more hanging 'round the town at night,  
No more staying out till broad daylight,  
I'm going to rehearse, for better or for worse,  
So good-bye, boys.

**47.—GOOD-BYE, BOOZE.**

Good-bye booze, forever more,  
Our sporting days are days of yore;  
We've had a good time we will admit,  
We'll have one more and then we'll quit,  
So good-bye booze.

**48.—GOD SAVE THE KING.**

God save our gracious King,  
Long live our noble King,  
God save our King.  
Send him victorious,  
Happy and glorious,  
Long to reign over us,  
God save our King.



#### 49.—GOOD-NIGHT. NURSE.

Good-night, nurse, tell the doctor I'm no better,  
Good-night, nurse, write my folks a nice long letter,  
Say I need a rest and you fear I had better stay here a year,  
Feel my pulse, hold my hand a little longer,  
How's my heart? Don't you think it's getting stronger?  
Call me in the morning or I'll get worse,  
Kiss your little patient. Good-night, nurse.

#### 50.—GOOD-NIGHT, LADIES.

Good-night, ladies! Good-night, ladies!  
Good-night, ladies, we're going to leave you now.  
Merrily we roll along, roll along, roll along,  
Merrily we roll along, o'er the dark blue sea.

#### 51.—GEE, I LIKE THE MUSIC WITH MY MEALS.

Oh, when that orchestra starts in a-playing,  
You can see everybody present swinging and swaying,  
You can hear knives and forks beating time on the dishes,  
See the waiters running with the steaks and fishes,  
When you hear all the boys and the girls harmonizing.  
Lordy me, but the swing of the tune's appetizing,  
I could never explain the way that I feel,  
Wait until they play another, you'll forget your home and  
mother,  
Gee, but I like music with my meals.

#### 52.—HEINZ.

Heinz, Heinz, vot's 'de matter mit Heinz?  
Heinz is voboling down the street,  
Vot's de matter mit Heinz's feet?  
Ach! my, dot's de trouble mit men  
He's been in fifty-seven bars unt Heinz is pickled again.

#### 53.—HONEY MAN.

My little, lovin' honey man,  
He sure has won my heart and hand,  
I'm only waiting now for him to name the day,  
And when he says to me come on what will I say,  
I'll say come 'round here, hold me tight,  
I wouldn't let him leave my sight,  
And if I thought he'd go, if I only thought he'd try to go,  
Then I would sigh, no, I'd cry,  
Yes, I'd lay me down and die, yes die,  
If I should lose my honey man.

#### 54.—HEIDELBERG.

Here's to the land which gave me birth, here's to the flag  
she flies,  
Here's to her sons—the best on earth, here's to her smiling  
skies,  
Here's to a heart which beats for me, true as the stars  
above,  
Here's to the day when mine she'll be, here's to the girl  
I love.

#### 55.—HITCHY KOO.

Oh, every evening hear him sing, it's the cutest little thing,  
Got the cutest little swing, Hitchy Koo, Hitchy Koo, Hitchy  
Koo.  
Oh, simply meant for kings and queens, don't you ask me  
what it means,  
I just love that Hitchy Koo, Hitchy Koo, Hitchy Koo.  
Say, he does just like no one could, when he does it, say,  
he does it good,  
Oh, every evening hear him sing, it's the cutest little thing,  
Got the cutest little swing, Hitchy Koo, Hitchy Koo.

#### 56.—HAPPY LAND.

I wish I were in happy land,  
Where rivers of booze abound,  
With sloe-gin rickeys hanging on the trees,  
And high-balls scattered all around.  
What! High-balls scattered all 'round,  
Yes! High-balls scattered all 'round.

#### 57.—HOW DRY I AM.

How dry I am, how dry I am,  
Nobody knows how dry I am.  
Give us a drink of lager beer,  
A nice cool drink of lager beer,  
Lager beer, lager beer,  
A nice cool drink of lager beer.

#### 58.—HOME, SWEET HOME.

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,  
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.  
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,  
Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.  
Home, home, sweet, sweet, home,  
There's no place like home, oh, there's no place like home.

### 59.—HURRAH FOR MARY.

The boy stood on the railway track, the engine gave a squeal,  
Shouting out the battle-cry of freedom;  
The engine driver took a spade and cleaned him off the wheel,  
Shouting out the battle-cry of freedom.

Chorus.

Hurrah, then, for Mary, hurrah for the lamb,  
Hurrah for the teacher, who did not care a little bit;  
And everywhere that Mary went the lamb was sure to go,  
Shouting out the battle-cry of freedom.

Old Mother Hubbard she went to the cupboard, to get her  
poor daughter a dress,  
Shouting out the battle-cry of freedom;  
But when she got there the cupboard was bare, and so was  
her daughter, I guess,  
Shouting out the battle-cry of freedom.

### 60.—HERE'S TO THE MAIDEN.

Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen,  
Here's to the widow of fifty,  
Here's to the flaunting extravagant queen,  
And here's to the housewife that's thrifty.  
Let the toast pass, drink to the lass,  
I warrant she'll prove an excuse for a glass.

Chorus.—Repeat last two lines.

Here's to the charmer whose dimples we prize,  
Now to the maid who has none, sir;  
Here's to the girl with a pair of blue eyes.  
And here's to the nymph with but one, sir.  
Let the toast, etc.

Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow,  
Now to her that's as brown as a berry;  
Here's to the wife with a face full of woe,  
And here's to the damsel that's merry.  
Let the toast, etc.

**61.—HAS ANYBODY SEEN SIR HENRY?**

Has anybody seen Sir Henry,  
H-E-N-R-Y?  
Has anybody seen Sir Henry,  
Have you seen him smile?  
He's an Indian Chief,  
And God knows what;  
And we followed him to Aldershot.  
Has anybody seen Sir Henry,  
Late Colonel of the 2nd Queen's Own.

**62.—IN MY HAREM.**

In my harem, my harem, there's Rosie, Josie, Posie.  
And there never was a minute, King Solomon was in it,  
Wives for breakfast, wives for dinner, wives for supper time,  
Lots of fancy dancing, and it doesn't cost a dime,  
In my harem, my harem, there's Fannie, Annie, Jenny,  
And the dance they do would make you wish you were in a  
harem with Pat Malone.

**63.—I'M THE GUY.**

I'm the guy that put the salt in the ocean,  
I'm the guy that put the bones in fish,  
I'm the guy can't tell a lie, I'll always live, I'll never die,  
In the wish-bone, I'm the guy that put the wish.  
I'm the guy that put the smoke in the chimneys,  
I'm the guy that put the leaves on trees,  
What's that? Who am I? Don't you know? I'm the guy,  
I'm the guy that bites the holes in sweitzer cheese.

**64.—I LOVE A LASSIE.**

I love a lassie, a bonnie, bonnie lassie,  
She's as pure as the lily in the dell,  
She's as sweet as the heather,  
The bonnie, bloomin' heather,  
Mary, ma Scotch bluebell.



**65.—I'M ON THE JURY.**

I'm on the jury, I'm on the jury,  
As yet no verdict is in sight,  
I think that we'll be out all night,  
They tried a man for shooting the mother of his wife,  
Some want to give him medals, and some want to give  
him life,  
But we'll stay and pray till the break of day, that we will  
see the light,  
Good-bye, dear, I'm on the jury, and I won't be home to-  
night.

**66.—IT WAS THE DUTCH.**

It was the Dutch, it was the Dutch,  
"Could an Indian discover lager beer?  
Not much;  
It was the Dutch, it was the Dutch,  
Who first invented sausage?  
It was the Dutch.

**67.—IN THE DAYS OF OLD.**

It was not like that in the olden days,  
In the days beyond recall;  
In the rare old, fair old, golden days,  
It was not like that at all.  
For we all did just as we ought to do,  
And if not we never told,  
I sigh in vain to live again,  
In the days of old.

**68.—I WAS ROAMING ALONG.**

I was roaming along, simply roaming along,  
Softly humming a song, thinking nothing was wrong,  
Roaming here, roaming there, I didn't know where,  
And I didn't much care, I was roaming along.

**69.—I'M ON MY WAY TO RENO.**

I'm on my way to Reno, I'm leaving town to-day,  
Give my regards to all the boys and girls along Broadway,  
Once I get my liberty—no more wedding bells for me,  
Shouting the battle cry of freedom.

#### 70.—I WANT TO BE IN DIXIE.

I want to be, I want to be,  
I want to be down home in Dixie,  
Where the hens are dog-gone glad to lay  
Scrambled eggs in the new mown hay.  
You ought to see, you ought to see,  
You ought to see my home in Dixie,  
You can tell the world I'm going to  
D-I-X-I don't know how to spell it.  
But I'm goin', you bet I'm goin'  
To my home in Dixie land.

#### 71.—IN APPLE BLOSSOM TIME.

Here's the silvery stream, where we used to dream, here's  
the new mown hay,  
Here's the wildwood cheery, where in childhood, dearie,  
We would find what love and bliss is, stealing kisses,  
Sometimes I wonder, dear, how you keep your girlish charm,  
Tho' you're fifty-five and over, you look twenty in the clover,  
When it's apple blossom time down on the farm.

#### 72.—I'D DO AS MUCH FOR YOU.

Hmm, we're having lovely weather,  
Hmm, let's take a walk together,  
Hmm, I know a lovely place, dear,  
Where we can spoon by the moon  
And we'll have a lot of,  
Hmm, a lot of hugs and kisses.  
Hmm, the skies are blue,  
Just a little squeeze, dear,  
Kiss me, won't you please, dear?  
Hmm, Hmm, I'd do as much for you.

#### 73.—IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMER TIME.

In the good old summer time,  
In the good old summer time,  
Strolling down the shady lane with your baby mine,  
You hold her hand and she holds yours,  
And that's a very good sign,  
That she's your tootsie-wootsie  
In the good old summer time.

**74.—I'VE GOT RINGS ON MY FINGERS.**

For I've got rings on my fingers, bells on my toes,  
Elephants to ride upon, my little Irish Rose,  
So come to your nabob, next Patrick's Day,  
And be Mrs. Rumbo Jumbo Jib-a-boo Shay.

**75.—I'M THE MAN THEY LEFT BEHIND.**

I'm the man—the man they left behind,  
Brimming full of courage and I've such a war-like mind,  
When the bullets are a-“sissing,” and the bombshells are  
a-“hissing,”  
I am there among the missing, I'm the man they left behind.

**76.—I WONDER WHO'S KISSING HER NOW.**

I wonder who's kissing her now,  
I wonder who's teaching her how,  
I wonder who's looking into her eyes, breathing sighs, tell-  
ing lies,  
I wonder who's buying the wine  
For the lips that I used to call mine,  
I wonder if she ever tells him of me,  
I wonder who's kissing her now.

**77.—IN THE EVENING BY THE MOONLIGHT.**

In the evening by the moonlight,  
You can hear those darkies singing;  
In the evening by the moonlight,  
You can hear their banjoes ringing.  
How the old folks would enjoy it,  
They would sit all night and listen,  
As we sang in the evening by the moonlight.

**78.—IN THE SHADE OF THE OLD ARMOURY.**

(Tune—In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree.)

In the shade of the old armoury,  
I can picture my old company,  
How we'd gather 'round,  
Pile our arms on the ground,  
And tell stories both jolly and free,  
Oh, you should have been there with me,  
The sights that I mention to see,  
For most every night,  
We would sing, dance or fight,  
In the shade of the old armoury.

**79.—IT LOOKS LIKE A BIG NIGHT TO-NIGHT.**

It looks to me like a big night to-night,  
Big night to-night, big night to-night;  
For when the old cat's away, why the mice want to play,  
And it looks like a big night to-night.

**80.—I'M A MEMBER OF THE MIDNIGHT CREW.**

I'm a member of the midnight crew, I'm a night owl and a  
wise bird too,  
Home with the milk in the morning, singing the same old song,  
Rise with the moon, go to bed with the sun, early to bed  
and you'll miss all the fun,  
Bring wife along, and trouble it will never trouble you,  
Make her a member of the midnight crew.

**81.—I'M AFRAID TO COME HOME IN THE DARK.**

Baby dear, listen here, I'm afraid to come home in the dark,  
Every day the papers say a robbery in the park;  
So I sat alone in the Y.M.C.A., singing just like a lark,  
There's no place like home, but I couldn't come home in the  
dark.

**82.—I'M FOLLOWING IN FATHER'S FOOTSTEPS.**

I'm following in father's footsteps,  
Following the dear old dad;  
He's just in front with a fine big gal,  
So I thought I would have one as well.  
I don't know where he's going,  
But when he gets there I'll be glad,  
For I'm following in father's footsteps,  
Following the dear old dad.

**83.—I'LL DO ANYTHING IN THE WORLD FOR YOU.**

I'll do anything, dear, in the world for you,  
I'll do anyone, too, that you tell me to,  
I wouldn't do much for Mary, for Sarah, Sal or Sue,  
But I'll do anything, dear, in the world for you.



**84.—IF YOU TALK IN YOUR SLEEP, DON'T MENTION  
MY NAME.**

I can see that you are married, and you know I'm married  
too,

And nobody knows that you know me,  
And nobody knows that I know you, and if you care to  
We'll have luncheon every day here just the same,  
But sweetheart, if you talk in your sleep  
Don't mention my name.

**85.—I DON'T KNOW WHERE I'M GOING, BUT I'M ON  
MY WAY.**

Oh, I don't know where I'm going, but I'm on my way,  
I don't care what becomes of me, but I have this much  
to say,

That my last adieu is this to you,

So I leave you here to paddle in your own canoe,

Oh, well, I don't know where I'm going, but I'm on my way.

**86.—I WANT A GIRL JUST LIKE THE GIRL THAT MAR-  
RIED DEAR OLD DAD.**

I want a girl just like the girl that married dear old dad,  
She was a pearl and the only girl that daddy ever had,

A good old-fashioned girl with heart so true,

One who loves nobody else but you,

I want a girl just like the girl that married dear old dad.

**87.—I CAN'T BE TRUE TO ONE LITTLE GIRL WHEN  
ANOTHER LITTLE GIRL COMES 'ROUND.**

I can't be true to one little girl when another little girl  
comes 'round,

I quite forget the last little pet when another little pet  
I've found,

I know it's wrong, but as each comes along I swear she's  
the queen to be crowned,

For I can't be true to one little girl when another little  
girl comes 'round.

**88.—JUST AS FATHER USED TO DO.**

Oh, anybody will admit, my parents were so opposite,  
And I inherit something from the two,

I realized when quite a kid, the sort of things that mother  
did,

Were not the things that father used to do.

### 89.—KENTUCKY DAYS.

Kentucky days, Kentucky days,  
And your sweet Kentucky ways,  
I'd steal some cherries from your father's tree,  
And you'd always take the blame, when he'd blame me,  
Kentucky days, Kentucky days,  
Where the sunshine ever stays.  
Your dad grew peaches, too,  
I took one, and that was you,  
In those old Kentucky days.

### 90.—LONDON TOWN.

Take me back to London town, London town, London town;  
That's where I long to be,  
With the friends so dear to me,  
Trafalgar Square, Oh, ain't it grand,  
Piccadilly or down the Strand?  
Leicester Square, I don't care, anywhere,  
Take me back—London town.

### 91.—LADY ANGELINE.

My Angeline, sweet baby mine,  
My lovely lolly-pop, my honey drop, like honeysuckle hangin'  
on the vine,  
Her eyes divine, like stars do shine,  
Lord knows I love every lovin' kiss, from my lovin' miss,  
Lady Angeline.

### 92.—LOVE'S OLD SWEET SONG.

Just a song at twilight, when the lights are low,  
And the flickering shadows softly come and go,  
Tho' the heart be weary, sad the day and long,  
Still to us at twilight comes love's old sweet song,  
Comes love's old sweet song.

### 93.—MARY.

Kind, kind and gentle is she,  
Kind is my Mary,  
The tender blossoms on the tree  
Cannot compare with Mary.

#### 94.—MY MOTTER.

I've got-ter mot-ter, always merry and bright.  
Look around and you will find  
Every cloud is silver lined,  
The sun will shine although the sky's a gray one.  
I've often said to myself, I've said,  
"Cheer up, Cully, you'll soon be dead!  
A short life and a gay one!"

#### 95.—MR. DOOLEY.

Napoleon had an army of a hundred thousand men,  
He marched them up the hill, but they all came down again.  
When they were up why they were up, on that I'll bet a  
crown,  
But tho' Napoleon marched them up, who was it marched  
them down?

'Twas Mr. Dooley, 'twas Mr. Dooley,  
The greatest man the country ever knew,  
Quite diplomatic and democratic,  
'Twas Mr. Dooley-ooly-ooly-oo.

#### 96.—MY MARGUERITE.

My Marguerite, since that sweet beginning day,  
Life is complete through your own dear, winning way,  
Marguerite, passing by, even flowers at your feet seem to sigh,  
"I love you." So do I, my Marguerite.

#### 97.—MOONLIGHT BAY.

We were sailing along  
On Moonlight Bay,  
We could hear the voices ringing,  
They seemed to say  
"You have stolen her heart,  
Now don't go 'way";  
As we sang Love's Old Sweet Song,  
On Moonlight Bay.

### 98.—MY SUMURUN GIRL.

Sumurun, Sumurun, you're my lovey dovey hon;  
You're all my dreams made in one, Sumurun, Sumurun.  
When my face with loving lights,  
You'll think of those Arabian nights,  
My Sumurun, Sumurun,  
Say that you'll hear my pleading croon,  
I'll dress like the signs upon the Mogul cigarette,  
I will show you loving that you never will forget,  
If you'll come along, my Sumurun Girl.

### 99.—MARY ANN MCCARTHY.

Mary Ann McCarthy went a'fishing for some clams,  
Repeat twice  
And she didn't get a — — clam,  
Glory, Glory, Halleluah,—Repeat twice  
And she didn't get a — — clam,  
She dug up all the mud in Humber Bay to get the clam,  
Repeat twice  
And she didn't get a — — clam,  
Glory, Glory, Halleluah,—Repeat twice  
And she didn't get a — — clam,

### 100.—MY BEAUTIFUL LADY.

To you, beautiful lady, I raise my eyes,  
My heart, beautiful lady, to your heart sighs,  
Come, come, beautiful lady, to Paradise,  
Ere the sweet, sweet waltz dream dies,  
Glide, glide, beautiful lady, on light, bright wings,  
While the rapture of music around us swings,  
Dream, dream, dream and forget, care, pain, useless regret,  
Love, love, beautiful lady, in my heart sings.

### 101.—MY WILD IRISH ROSE.

My wild Irish Rose,  
The sweetest flower that grows;  
You may search everywhere,  
But none can compare  
With my wild Irish Rose.  
My wild Irish Rose,  
The dearest flower that blows;  
And some day, for my sake,  
She may let me take  
The bloom from my wild Irish Rose.

### 102.—MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA.

Georgia was a nice young girl in swell society,  
She went to spend the summer in a town of New Jersey,  
She had heard of its mosquitos but never of its fleas,  
And the fleas had never heard of Georgia.

Chorus.

Hurrah, Hurrah, we'll have a jubilee,  
Hurrah, Hurrah, said the mosquito to the flea,  
You bite her on the ankle and I'll bite her on the knee,  
As we all go marching through Georgia.

Now Georgia bought some insect powder, and poured it down  
her neck,  
Thinking the mosquitos their ravages to check,  
But the mosquitos blew their bugles, called in the bumble  
bees,  
And they all went marching through Georgia.

Chorus.

Hurrah, Hurrah, I stung her said the bee,  
Hurrah, Hurrah, said the mosquito to the flea,  
She eats her meals now standing up, she can't sit down  
you see  
Since they all went marching through Georgia.

### 103.—MY LITTLE PERSIAN ROSE.

My little Persian rose, nobody knows how I love you,  
Oh, pretty flower, here in your bower, with love I'll shower,  
you every hour,  
A garden just for two I'm sure will do for me and you,  
Dearie, I'm wild about you, can't live without you, my little  
Persian rose.

### 104.—MOTHER, PIN A ROSE ON ME.

Mother, mother, mother, pin a rose on me,  
Mother, mother, mother, pin a rose on me,  
It doesn't matter if it rains or snows,  
My one ambition is to get the dough;  
Mother, mother, mother, pin a rose on me,  
Mother, mother, mother, pin a rose on me,



**105.—MARY WENT 'ROUND AND AROUND.**

Mary went 'round and around and around with a bumpty  
umpty ay!

Merry go round, yelling Hip-hip-hip-hooray! hooray!

She stood on her feet and she smiled nice and sweet

As the band began to play;

When the car it went up pretty Mary fell down

On her hip-hip-hip-hooray!

**106.—MY WIFE'S GONE TO THE COUNTRY.**

My wife's gone to the country, hurrah, hurrah,

She thought it best, I need a rest, that's why she went away,

She took the children with her, hurrah, hurrah,

I don't care what becomes of me, my wife's gone away.

**107.—NEVER NO MORE.**

Oh, Gee, poor me, never no more,

In my head I had a pain, I never felt before,

All night long the bells were ringing.

In my head I felt a stinging,

Oh, Gee, poor me, never no more.

**108.—NIGGAH WON'T STEAL.**

S.—Some folks say dat a niggah won't steal,

C.—Way down yondah in de cawnfield;

S.—But ah saw one in ma cawnfield,

C.—Way down yondah in de cawnfield;

S.—One, he had a shovel and de odder had a hoe,

C.—Way down yondah in de cawnfield;

S.—An' if dat ain't a stealin', well I don't know,

C.—Way down yondah in de cawnfield.

**109.—NO WEDDING BELLS FOR ME.**

No wedding bells for me,

I'm as happy as can be,

Let the others all pick their ribs,

As for me, I don't like spare-ribs,

Gee whiz, I'm glad I'm free,

No wedding bells for me.

### 110.—NOTHING LIKE THAT IN OUR FAMILY.

A tramp rang Dr. Brown's door-bell, an old maid answered,  
she said, "Well?"  
Said he my pants ain't fit to wear, won't Dr. Brown give  
me a pair.  
Please ask him not to turn me down, the old maid flashed  
an angry frown,  
As she cried, "You brute, I'm Dr. Brown!"

Nothing like that in our family,  
Nothing like that on our family tree.  
Oh me, Oh my, why wear pants when we have clothes by.  
Nothing like that in our domicile,  
Nothing like that and there never will,  
What use would trousers be to me,  
Oh, nothing like that in our family.

### 111.—O GLORY.

A skinny girl—she lived in Linn,  
She was no thicker than a pin,  
One day she said, in a fit of wrath,  
In the ocean I will take a bath.

O Glory, she's wiser now,  
O Glory, there was a row,  
For she sat on a cake of ivory soap  
And floated out to sea.

Holy smoke, the church is on fire,  
Tried to save the organ and the choir,  
Saved the choir, the organ nit,  
'Cause the firemen couldn't play on it.

O Glory, they're wiser now,  
O Glory, there was a row,  
For the firemen came without their socks  
So, of course, they had no hose.

### 112.—OH, JULIA.

O you must be a lover of the landlady's daughter,  
Or you won't get a second piece of pie.—(Repeat.)

### 113.—O CANADA.

O Canada, our father's land of old,  
Thy brow is crowned with leaves of red and gold,  
Beneath the shade of the holy cross  
Thy children own their birth,  
No stains thy glorious annals gloss  
Since valor shields thy hearth;  
Almighty God, on thee we call,  
Defend our rights, forbend this free nation's thral,  
Defend our rights, forbend this nation's thral.

Altar and throne, demand our sacred love,  
And mankind to us shall ever brothers prove;  
O King of Kings! with Thy mighty breath  
All our sons do Thou inspire;  
May no craven terror of life or death,  
E'er damp the patriot's fire.  
Our mighty call loudly shall ring,  
As in the days of old, for Christ and the King,  
As in the days of old, for Christ and the King.

### 114.—OLD GRIMES.

Old Grimes is dead, that good old man, we ne'er shall see  
him more,  
He used to wear a long black coat, all buttoned down before,  
Old Grimes, old Grimes, old Grimes, old Grimes, old Grimes,  
old Grimes, old Grimes,  
Old Grimes, old Grimes, old Grimes, old Grimes, old Grimes,  
old Grimes, old Grimes.

### 115.—OCEANA ROLL.

Each fish and worm begins to twist and squirm,  
The ship starts in to dip and does a corkscrew turn,  
Just see that smoke so black sneak from that old smoke-  
stack,  
It's floatin' right to Heaven and it won't come back.  
Now here and there you'll see a stool and chair,  
A-slippin' 'round the cabin, shoutin' "I don't care,"  
And then the hammock starts a-swingin' and the bells  
begin a-ringing',  
While he's sitting at that piano, there on the Alabama,  
Playin' the Oceana Roll.

116.—OH, WHEN I DIE.

O when I die, don't bury me at all,  
Just pickle my bones in alcohol;  
With a bottle of booze at my head and feet,  
And then, I guess, that I will keep.

117.—OH, MY DOLORES.

Oh, my Dolores, queen of the Eastern Sea,  
Fair one of Eden, look to the west for me,  
My star will be shining, love, when you're in the moon-  
light calm,  
So be waiting for me by the Eastern Sea, in the shade of  
the sheltering palm.

118.—OH, MR. DREAM MAN.

Oh, Mister Dream Man, please let me dream some more,  
Just like the dream I had the night before,  
I dreamt about a lovin' man, he was so sweet,  
And when he started lovin' me, my heart began to beat,  
And when he kissed me, Hm-m-m-m-m-m, he made me ask  
for more,  
He's a prize, I idolize his great big dreamy dark brown eyes,  
Oh, Mister Dream Man, I want to dream some more.

119.—OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home,  
'Tis summer, the darkies are gay;  
The corn-top's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom,  
While the birds make music all the day.  
The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,  
All merry, all happy and bright,  
By'n by hard times comes a-knockin' at the door,  
Then my old Kentucky home, good-night.

Chorus.

Weep no more, my lady; oh, weep no more to-day,  
We will sing one song for the old Kentucky home,  
For the old Kentucky home far away.

120.—ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

On the Mississippi,  
On the Mississippi,  
Where those boats go puffin' along,  
On the Mississippi,  
Darkies all go dippy,  
When they hear a little bit of ragtime melody,  
It seems I hear them singing,  
See them buck and winging,  
To the banjos ringing,  
Oh, my heart is clinging,  
To the Mississippi,  
Dear old Mississippi,  
That's where I was born.

121.—OH, THAT NAVAJO RAG.

O-o-o-oh that Navajo Rag, rag, rag, rag,  
O-o-o-oh that Navajo Rag, rag, rag, rag,  
Shake your moccasins and roll your eyes,  
Tear a blanket, make the feathers fly,  
Pony, Pony, to that Navajo Rag.

122.—OH, DIDN'T HE RAMBLE.

Old Deedy had three full-grown sons, Buster, Bill and Pete,  
And Buster was the black sheep of the Deedy family.  
They tried their best to break him of his rough and rowdy  
ways,  
At last they had to get a judge, to give him thirty days.

Chorus.

Oh, didn't he ramble, ramble,  
He rambled all around, in and out of the town,  
Oh, didn't he ramble, ramble,  
He rambled till the butcher cut him down.

He rambled into a swell hotel, his appetite was stout,  
When he refused to pay his bill the landlord kicked him out.  
He reached to strike him with a brick, but when he went  
to stoop,  
The landlord gave him a kick in the pants, and made him  
loop the loop.

Chorus.



**123.—OH, YOU BEAUTIFUL DOLL.**

Oh, you beautiful doll, you great big beautiful doll!  
Let me put my arms about you, I could never live without  
you;  
Oh, you beautiful doll, you great big beautiful doll!  
If you ever leave me how my heart will ache,  
I want to hug you but I fear you'd break,  
Oh Oh, Oh, Oh, Oh, you beautiful doll!

**124.—OH, MY DARLING CLEMENTINE.**

Oh, my darling, oh, my darling,  
Oh, my darling Clementine,  
You are lost and gone forever,  
Dreffful sorry, Clementine.

**125.—ON THE BONNIE BANKS O' LOCH LOMOND.**

Oh! y'll tak' the high road, and I'll tak' the low road,  
An' I'll be in Scotland afore ye;  
But me an' my true love will never meet again  
On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomond.

**126.—PICTURE TO-NIGHT.**

Picture to-night those fields of snowy white,  
You can hear those darkies singing soft and low,  
And it's there I long to be,  
Where someone waits for me,  
Down where the cotton blossoms grow.

Pictur to-night, those beer kegs painted white,  
You can hear those bottles popping soft and low,  
And it's there I long to be,  
With a beer keg on each knee,  
Down where the old Budweiser flows.

**127.—POLLY-WOLLY-DOODLE.**

Oh, I went down south for to see my Sal,  
Sing "Poly-wolly-doodle" all the day!  
My Sally am a spunky gal,  
Sing "Poly-wolly-doodle" all the day!  
Farewell, farewell, farewell my fairy fay,  
Oh, I'm off to Louisiana, for to see my Susy Anna,  
Singing "Poly-wolly-doodle" all the day.

## 128.—PRIVATE TOMMY ATKINS.

Tommy, Tommy Atkins, you're a good 'un, heart and hand,  
You're a credit to your calling and to all your native land,  
May your luck be never failing, may your love be ever true,  
God bless you, Tommy Atkins, here's your country's love  
to you.

## 129.—PETTICOATS FOR WOMEN.

Petticoats for women, once were full of grace,  
Some of them had flounces, some of them had lace,  
Then the fashions altered, don't know why or how,  
So we don't wear our petticoats now.

## 130.—PORK, BEANS, AND HARD-TACK.

### A Rebellion Song.

(Tune—"Solomon Levi.")

Our volunteers are soldiers bold, so say the people all,  
When duty calls they spring to arms, responsive to the call,  
With outfits old and rotten clothes, ill-fitted for the strife,  
They leave their home on starving pay to take the nitchies'  
life.

### Chorus.

Pork, beans and hard-tack, tra la la la, etc.  
Poor hungry soldier, tra la la, etc.,  
In rags we march the prairie, most eager for the fray,  
But when we hear the enemy, they always run away,  
As corporation laborers with fat-i-gue each day,  
We dig and scrape and hoe and rake for fiftycents a day.

Faint, cold and weary, we're packed on an open car,  
Cursing our fate and grumbling as soldiers ever are,  
Hungry and thirsty, over the C.P.R. we go  
Instead of by the all-rail route—Detroit and Chicago.

On half cooked beans and fat pork we're fed without relief,  
Save when we get a change of grub on hard-tack and corn  
beef,

On fat-i-gue and guards all day, patrols and pickets by night,  
It's thus we while our time away, our duty seems ne'er to  
fight.

Down the wild Saskatchewan in river boats we go,  
At last we reach Lake Winnipeg and are taken by a tug  
in tow.

On board a barge two regiments are shoved into the hold,  
Like sardines in a box we're packed, six hundred men  
all told.

Down the length of Winnipeg Lake we roll throughout the  
night,

And on we're towed along the lake till Selkirk is in sight,  
We disembark in double quick time, we once more board  
a train,

We're on our way for Winnipeg, we're getting near home  
again.

The ladies of our city are noble dames you know,  
And helped us in our woeful plight when grub was very low,  
We cannot thank them as we ought for every kindness done,  
But we say it from our inmost souls their goodness our  
hearts has won.

### **131.—PUT ON YOUR OLD GREY BONNET.**

Put on your old grey bonnet, with the blue ribbon on it,  
While I hitch old Dobbin to the shay,  
And through the fields of clover we'll drive up to Dover,  
On our golden wedding day.

### **132.—PUT YOUR ARMS AROUND ME HONEY.**

Put your arms around me honey, hold me tight,  
Huddle up and cuddle up with all your might,  
Oh, babe, won't you roll them eyes, eyes that I just idolize,  
When they look at me my heart begins to float,  
Then it starts a-rockin' like a motor boat,  
Oh, Oh, I never knew any girl like you.

### **133.—QUEEN'S OWN RIFLES.**

The Queen's Own Rifles, they came this way,  
And broke things up in an awful way;  
You can bet your life there'll be h—— to pay,  
When the Queen's Own Rifles come back this way.  
Tune—"Queen's Own March Past."

134.—**ROW, ROW, ROW.**

And then he'd row, row, row.  
'Way up the river;  
He would row, row, row,  
A hug he'd give her;  
Then he'd kiss her now and then,  
She would tell him when,  
He'd fool around and fool around,  
And then they'd kiss again;  
And then he'd row, row, row,  
A little further he would row,  
Oh, Oh, Oh, Oh,  
Then he'd drop both his oars,  
Take a few more encores,  
And then he'd ROW, ROW, ROW.

135.—**RULE BRITANNIA.**

When Britain first at Heaven's command,  
Arose from out the azure main.  
Arose, arose from out the azure main.  
This was the charter, the charter of the lard,  
And guardian angels sang this strain.  
Rule Britannia! Britannia rule the waves,  
For Britons never shall be slaves.

136.—**ROAMIN' IN THE GLOAMIN'.**

Roamin' in the gloamin',  
On the bonnie banks o' Clyde,  
Roamin' in the gloamin',  
Wae my lassie by my side;  
When the sun has gone to rest  
That's the time that we love best,  
O, it's lovely roamin' in the gloamin'.

137.—**SHIP AHOY!**

All the nice girls love a sailor,  
All the nice girls love a tar,  
For there's something about a sailor—  
Well, you know what sailors are—  
Bright and breezy, free and easy,  
He's a lady's pride and joy,  
Falls in love with Kate and Jane,  
Then he's off to sea again,  
Ship ahoy! Ship ahoy!

138.—**SWEET ADELINE.**

Sweet Adeline, sweet Adeline,  
At night, dear heart,  
For you I pine,  
In all my dreams,  
Your fair face beams,  
You're the flower of my heart, sweet Adeline.

139.—**SCOTS WHA HAE.**

Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,  
Scots wham Bruce has aften led,  
Welcome to your gory bed,  
Or to victory;  
Now's the day and now's the hour,  
See the front of battle lour,  
See approach proud Edward's power,  
Chains and slavery.

140.—**SILVER THREADS.**

Darling, I am growing, growing old,  
Silver threads among the gold,  
Shine upon my brow to-day,  
Life is fading fast away.

141.—**SNOOKEY OOKUMS.**

All day long he calls her Snookey ookums, Snookey ookums,  
All they do is talk like babies,  
She's his jelly-elly roll, he's her sughey-ugar bowl,  
Here's the way they bill and coo, poogy-woo, poogy-woo,  
poogy-woo,  
All night long he calls her Snookey ookums, Snookey ookums,  
All night long the neighbors shout, "Cut it out, cut it out,  
cut it out."  
They cry, "For goodness sake, don't keep us all awake,  
With your snookey, ookey, ookey, baby talk."



142.—SOUTHERN GIRLS.

Southern girls are getting mighty frisky,  
Putting cocaine in their whiskey,  
O Lordy, won't you have a little (sniff) on me?  
A little (sniff) on me.

143.—SHE'S MA DAISY.

She is ma daisy, ma bonnie daisy,  
She's as sweet as sugar candy and she's very fond of Sandy,  
And I weary, for ma dearie,  
I would rather lose ma whip than lose ma daisy.

144.—STEAMBOAT BILL.

Steamboat Bill, steaming down the Mississippi,  
Steamboat Bill, a mighty man was he,  
Steamboat Bill, steaming down the Mississippi,  
Tried to beat the record of the Robert E. Lee.

145.—SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.

How can I bear to leave thee,  
One parting kiss I give thee.  
And then whate'er befalls me,  
I go where honor calls me.

Chorus.

Farewell, farewell, my own true love,  
Farewell, farewell, my own true love.

Ne'er more may I behold thee,  
Or to this heart enfold thee;  
With spear and pennon glancing,  
I see the foe advancing.

I think of thee with longing,  
Think thou, when tears are thronging,  
What with my last faint sighing,  
I'll whisper soft while dying.

**146.—SON OF A GAMBOLIER.**

I'm a rambling rake of poverty, from Tippe'ry town I came,  
'Twas poverty compelled me first to go out in the rain,  
In all sorts of weather, be it wet or be it dry,  
I am bound to get my livelihood or lay me down and die.  
Come join my humble ditty, from Tippe'ry town I steer,  
Like every honest fellow, I drinks my lager beer,  
Like every jolly fellow, I takes my whiskey clear,  
I'm a rambling rake of poverty and the son of a gambolier.

**147.—SKI-DA-ME-RINK-A-DOO.**

Ski-da-me-rink-a-dink, ski-da-me-rink-a-doo, I love you,  
Ski-da-me-rink-a-dink, ski-da-me-rink-a-doo, I'll be true,  
Ski-da-me-rink-a-dink, ski-da-me-rink-a-doo, all day long he'd  
sing this song,  
Ski-da-me-rink-a-dink, bink, ski-da-me-rink-a-doo, means I  
love you.

**148.—STOP YER TICKLING, JOCK.**

Will you stop yer tickling, Jock!  
Oh, stop yer tickling, Jock,  
Dinna mak' me laugh so hearty, or you'll mak' me choke;  
Oh! I wish you'd stop yer nonsense, just look at all the folk,  
Will you stop yer tickling—tickle, ickle, ickling,  
Stop yer tickling, Jock.

**149.—SOLDIER'S HOME SWEET HOME.**

“Home Sweet Home” is the song  
The soldiers love to hear,  
Sitting around the old camp fire,  
Burning bright and clear.  
With their martial cloaks around them,  
They allow their thoughts to roam,  
Back to the land that gave them birth,  
And the old folks at home.

**150.—SOMEBODY ELSE IS GETTING IT.**

Somebody else is getting it, getting it,  
Right where his collar ought to be,  
Somebody else is getting it, getting it,  
Right where the chicken got the A-X-E.  
Somebody else thinks he's in fine,  
But he'll get his where I got mine,  
Somebody else is getting it, getting it,  
Right where she handed it to me.

**151.—TOMMY.**

Oh! Tommy, you are my soldier boy; Oh! Tommy, it fills my  
heart with joy,  
As down the avenue you come, to the rub-a-dub-dub upon  
the drum,  
Right turn, forward, Company G;  
Oh! Tommy, you are the only one; Oh! Tommy, we know  
you'll never run,  
You're always staunch and true, and we love you, yes, we do,  
Oh! Tommy, you're the boy for me.

**152.—TOBERMORY.**

Oh, my, you ought to have seen MacKie,  
And me, for we were fairly in our glory,  
For we roamed about together 'mong the bonnie blooming  
heather,  
With the bonnie lassies up in Tobermory.

**153.—THE STRAND.**

Let's all go down the Strand,  
( 'Ave a banana?)  
Let's all go down the Strand,  
I'll be the leader, you can come behind,  
Let's go down and see what we can find,  
Let's all go down the Strand,  
( 'Ave a banana?)  
O, what a happy land,  
That's the place for fun and noise,  
Down amongst the girls and boys,  
Let's all go down the Strand.

Gol blime me, let's all, etc.

154.—THE GROWLER.

There was a little man and he had a little can,  
And he used to rush the growler;  
But when he went round on Sunday afternoon  
You should have heard the bartender holler:—  
“No booze to-day, no booze to-day, no booze to-day, it’s  
Sunday;  
No booze to-day, no booze to-day, call around on Monday.”

155.—TORONTO TOWN.

Oh, we’ll sing a little song of Toronto,  
It’s the best old town we know,  
Oh, Toronto, where fairest maidens grow.  
If you’re looking for a city,  
Where you’d like to settle down,  
Oh, we’ll sing a little song as we travel along  
Of our dear old Toronto town.

156.—THE GABY GLIDE.

Oh, oh, that Gaby, Gaby glide;  
It’s just a real Parisian slide,  
Prance along as though you were upon the boulevard,  
Dance it here and dance it there, and keep on dancing hard.  
Start in to slide, do the Paris ride,  
Swing up near, then wide,  
Oh, oh, that Gaby, Gaby glide;  
Don’t lag or let your feelings hide.  
Do the side step, trip, and then go back the other way,  
Do the forward dip, and see how you begin to sway,  
Oh, oh, that Gaby, Gaby glide.

157.—THE STEIN SONG.

Give a rouse, then, in the May time  
For a life that knows no fear!  
Turn night-time into day-time  
With the sunlight of good cheer!  
For it’s always fair weather  
When good fellows get together,  
With a stein on the table  
And a good song ringing clear.

Chorus.

For it's always fair weather  
When good fellows get together,  
With a stein on the table  
And a good song ringing clear.

Oh, we're all frank and twenty  
When the spring is in the air;  
And we've faith and hope aplenty,  
And we've life and love to spare;  
And it's birds of a feather  
When good fellows get together,  
With a stein on the table  
And a heart without a care.

Chorus.—Repeat last four lines.

For we know the world is glorious,  
And the goal a golden thing,  
And that God is not censorious  
When His children have their fling;  
And life slips its tether  
When good fellows get together,  
With a stein on the table  
In the fellowship of spring.

Chorus.—Repeat last four lines.

158.—THE MERRY WIDOW.

I like to wear my flannel night shirt when the nights are cold,  
I like to wear my pink pyjamas, 'euz they're nice and old;  
And often in the summer, and sometimes in the fall,  
I crawl right in between the sheets with nothing on at all.

159.—THE HAMBURG SHOW.

Oh, we're going to the Hamburg show,  
To see the elephant and the wild kangaroo,  
And we'll all stick together,  
In all kinds of weather,  
For we're going to see the whole show through.



## 160.—THE FLOWING BOWL.

Come, landlord, fill the flowing bowl until it runneth over;  
Come, landlord, fill the flowing bowl until it runneth over;

For to-night we'll merry, merry be,  
For to-night we'll merry, merry be,  
For to-night we'll merry, merry be,  
And to-morrow we'll be sober.

The man who takes his water pure, and goes to bed right  
sober;

The man who takes his water pure, and goes to bed right  
sober;

Falleth as the leaves do fall,  
Falleth as the leaves do fall,  
Falleth as the leaves do fall,  
So early in October.

The man who likes good whiskey punch, and takes his rum  
right mellow;

The man who likes good whiskey punch, and takes his rum  
right mellow;

Lives unto a green old age,  
Lives unto a green old age,  
Lives unto a green old age,  
And dies a jolly good fellow.

## 161.—THE MARQUEE TENT.

There is a marquee tent,  
Far, far, away,  
Where we had pork and beans  
Three times a day.  
Oh, how those beans do smell,  
Oh, how the Queen's Own yell,  
We wish they were in ——  
Three times a day.

### 162.—THE DUTCH COMPANY.

There's the Potsdam Dutch, and the Rotterdam Dutch,  
The Amsterdam Dutch, and the other dam Dutch.  
Oh, the Dutch Company is the best Company,  
With the exception of — Company.

When you hear the roll of the big bass drum,  
Then you may know that the boys have come,  
For — Company is the best Company  
That ever came out of the old Armoury.

### 163.—THE RAGTIME VIOLIN.

Fiddle up, fiddle up on your violin,  
Lay right on it, rest your chin upon it,  
Doggone you better begin,  
And play an overture upon your violin;  
Hurry up, hurry up with your violin,  
Make it sooner, don't you stop to tune 'er,  
Fid, fid, fid, fiddle on the middle of your ragtime violin

### 164.—THE MODERN JAPANESE.

Jap, oh Jap, oh Japanese,  
I'd rather fight than drink my tea,  
Brown as a berry, busy as a bee,  
Ich-i-ban, Ich-i-ban Ja-pa-nee.  
My flag is found on every sea,  
The Russian and the tough Chinese  
Can tell a lot regarding me,  
Ban-zai! Hoop-la Jap-a-nee.

### 165.—THE CUBANOLA GLIDE.

Glide, glide, keep on a glidin',  
Slide, slide, keep on a slidin',  
Honey, look into your baby's eyes,  
Throw your arms around me,  
Ain't you glad you found me?  
Tease, squeeze, lovin' and wooin',  
Oh, babe, what are you doin'?  
Ride to glory by your baby's side,  
When you do the Cubanola glide.

**166.—THAT MYSTERIOUS RAG.**

That Mysterious Rag, while awake or while you are slumbering,

You're saying, keep playing, that Mysterious Rag,

Are you listening? Yes, keep a-listening,

Look, look, look, look, they're whistling,

That Mysterious Rag,

Sneaky, freaky, ever melodious, Mysterious Rag.

**167.—THE EDDYSTONE LIGHT.**

Oh father kept the Eddystone Light,

And he married a mer-my-aid one night.

Out of the match came offspring three,

Two were fish and t'other was me.

Chorus.

Sing yo, heave ho, and yo heave he;

For there's nothing like life on the rolling sea.

One night as I was a 'trimmin' the glim,

And whistling a bar of the evenin' hymn,

A voice from the starboard shouted Ahoy!

And there was mother a sittin' on a buoy.

Meanin' a buoy that's for ships what sail,

And not a boy that's a juvenile male.

Chorus.

**168.—THE LITTLE BROWN JUG.**

My wife and I lived all alone

In a little log hut we called our own,

She loved gin and I lov'd rum,

I tell you what we'd lots of fun.

Chorus.

Ha ha ha, you and me, little brown jug don't I love thee,

Ha ha ha, you and me, little brown jug don't I love thee,

'Tis you that makes my friends my foes,

'Tis you who makes me wear old clothes,

Here you are so near my nose,

So tip her up, and down she goes.

Chorus.

### 169.—THE TEMPERANCE CORPS.

We're the "Temp'rance Corps" of the Q.O.R., and we ne'er  
get on the spree, (you bet)  
We never yet imbibed a "wet" stronger than "Liquor  
tea," (you bet)  
Then brace up, brace up, volunteers should ever sober be,  
Don't let the people think you've been to have a drink,  
Officers and men of Comp'ny "G."

### 170.—THE LAND OF THE MAPLE.

The land of the maple is the land for me,  
The home of the stalwart, the brave and the free,  
The Rose and the Thistle, the Shamrock and Lis,  
All bloom in one garden 'neath the maple tree.

### 171.—THAT OLD GIRL OF MINE.

In your eyes the light of love was softly beaming,  
My dearie, so sweet and cheery,  
In your hair a share of gold was gleaming  
Like moonbeams that shine.  
Lou, Lou, I still love you for the sake of auld lang syne,  
And I call you, when I fall to sleep a-dreaming,  
That Old Girl of Mine.

### 172.—THAT'S HOW I NEED YOU.

Like the roses need their fragrance,  
Like a sweetheart needs a kiss;  
Like the summer needs the sunshine,  
Like a laddie needs a miss;  
Like a broken heart needs gladness,  
Like the flowers need the dew;  
Like a baby needs its mother,  
That's how I need you.

### 173.—THE HANGING OF FATHER.

Hurrah! Hurrah! for father's going to be hung,  
Hurrah! Hurrah! the dear old son of a gun,  
When I was young he was bad to me.  
A-hip, a-hip, hurrah!  
For now we're going to hang dear old father.

### 174.—THAT BABOON BABY DANCE.

Oh, that dance, that Baboon Baby dance,  
Swing me high, swing me low, kiss me quick, and away we go,  
Honey mine, now ain't that just divine,  
If you want to win my love and my heart and my hand,  
And you want to win a home that's the best in the land,  
Do that Ba, do that Ba, Oh, that Baboon Baby dance.

### 175.—THE MAPLE LEAF FOREVER.

In days of yore, from Britain's shore, Wolfe the dauntless  
hero came,  
And planted firm Britannia's flag on Canada's fair domain,  
Here may it wave, our boast, our pride, and joined in love  
together,  
The Thistle, Shamrock, Rose entwine, the Maple Leaf forever.  
The Maple Leaf our emblem dear, the Maple Leaf forever,  
God save our King and Heaven bless the Maple Leaf forever.

### 176.—THE RAGTIME SOLDIER MAN.

I've got to go, I've got to go, a soldier man I've got to be,  
I've got to go, I've got to go, I hear the bugle calling me,  
Oh, my hon', hurry up, hurry up, get my gun, hurry up,  
hurry up,  
Can't you see that I've got to fight for love and liberty?  
My honey dear, my honey dear, you better save your sym-  
pathy,  
If you should hear, if you should hear, I got too near the  
enemy,  
Kindly carry me back to old Virginia,  
And when you get me there, say a prayer for your Ragtime  
Soldier Man.

### 177.—THERE'S A GIRL IN HAVANA.

There a girl in Havana,  
There's a girl in Savannah,  
I've wooed a few sweet girlyies who  
I promised to be true to,  
But then I never knew, dear,  
That I'd ever meet you, dear,  
So let's forget the girls I met  
Before I met you.



### 178.—THE SOLDIERS OF THE QUEEN.

It's the soldiers of the Queen, my lads, who've been, my  
lads, who've seen, my lads,  
In the fight for England's glory, lads, when we have to show  
them what we mean,  
And when we say we've always won, and when they ask  
us how it's done,  
We'll proudly point to every one of England's soldiers of  
the Queen.

### 179.—THE BIRD ON NELLIE'S HAT.

"I'll be your little honey, I will promise that,"  
Said Nellie as she rolled her dreamy eyes,  
"It's a shame to take the money," said the bird on Nellie's  
hat,  
"Last night she said the same to Johnny Wise,"  
Then to Nellie Willie whispered as they fondly kissed,  
"I'll bet that you were never kissed like that,"  
"Well, he don't know Nellie like I do,"  
Said the saucy little bird on Nellie's hat.

### 180.—THE WEDDIN' O' SANDY MACNAB.

And the weddin' bells were ringin', all the boys were singin',  
"Here's tae you, and yours, and me an' mine," ta-ra-ra,  
Then we had a drappie, just tae mak' us happy,  
For the days o' auld lang syne.

### 181.—THAT RAGTIME REGIMENTAL BAND.

Oh, that band, oh, Lordy, that band, see those soldiers all in  
line,  
Notice how they're keeping time, see every gun shine in the  
sun,  
Watch them going through the drill, I just can't make my  
feet be still,  
For when I hear that band, oh, Lordy, that band, for there  
is something about it that is grand.  
And altho' I never felt this way before, I want to do a two-  
step right to war,  
When I hear that colored, ragtime, regiment band.

## 182.—THE PREACHER AND THE BEAR.

A preacher went out a-hunting,  
'Twas on one Sunday morn,  
Of course it was against his religion,  
But he took his gun along;  
He shot himself some very fine quail,  
And one big measly hare,  
And on his way returning home  
He met a great big grizzly bear.  
The bear marched out in the middle of the road  
And he waltzed to the coon you see,  
The coon got so excited that he climbed  
A persimmon tree.  
The bear sat down upon the ground,  
And the coon climbed out on a limb,  
He turned his eyes up above to the skies,  
And these words they came from him:

### Chorus.

Oh, Lord, didn't you deliver Daniel from the lion's den,  
Also deliver Jonah from the tummy of the whale, and then  
Three Hebrew children from the fiery furnace so the good  
books do declare,  
Now, Lord, if you can't help me, for goodness sake, don't you  
help that bear.

## 183.—THERE IS A TAVERN IN THE TOWN.

There is a tavern in the town, in the town,  
And there my dear love sits him down, sits him down,  
And drinks his wine 'mid laughter free,  
And never, never thinks of me.

### Chorus.

Fare thee well, for I must leave thee,  
Do not let the parting grieve thee,  
And remember that the best of friends must part, must part.

Adieu, adieu, kind friends, adieu, adieu, adieu,  
I can no longer stay with you, stay with you;  
I'll hang my harp on a weeping willow tree,  
And may the world go well with thee.

**184.—TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP GROUND.**

We're tenting to-night on the old camp ground, give us a  
song to cheer  
Our weary hearts, a song of home, and friends we love so  
dear.  
Many are the hearts that are weary to-night, wishing for  
the war to cease,  
Many are the hearts looking for the right, to see the dawn  
of peace.  
Tenting to-night, tenting to-night, tenting on the old camp  
ground.

**185.—THE GREEN GRASS GREW ALL AROUND.**

And the green grass grew all around, all around, all around.  
And each little bird in the tree top high said, "Oh, you kid,"  
and winked his eye,  
And the green grass grew all around, all around, on the  
ground,  
"With all your gold, my turtle dove," said he, "How can  
you doubt my love?"  
And the green grass grew all around, all around, and the  
green grass grew all around.

**186.—THE UPS AND DOWNS OF LITTLE MARY.**

Mary ate some oysters, Mary ate some ham,  
Mary ate some marmalade, and Mary ate some jam;  
Mary drank some ginger ale and Mary drank some beer,  
And Mary wondered why she felt so queer.  
Whao-up came the oysters,  
Whao-up came the ham,  
Whao-up came the marmalade,  
And whao-up came the jam,  
And whao-up came the ginger-ale,  
And whao-up came the beer;  
And Mary THEN knew why she felt so queer.

**187.—THAT MESMERIZING MENDELSSOHN TUNE.**

Love me to that ever lovin' spring song melody,  
Please me, honey, squeeze me to that Mendelssohn strain,  
Kiss me like you would your mother, one good kiss deserves  
another,  
That's the only music that was ever meant for me,  
That tantalizin', hypnotizin', mesmerizin' Mendelssohn tune.

**188.—THE SPANIARD THAT BLIGHTED MY LIFE.**

If I catch Alphonso Spagoni, the toreador,  
With a mighty swipe I will dislocate his bally jaw,  
I'll find this bull-fighter, I will,  
And when I catch the bounder, the blighter, I'll kill,  
He shall die. He shall die. He shall die tiddly-i-ti-ti-ti-ti-ti,  
He shall die. He shall die. For I'll raise a bunion on his  
Spanish onion  
If I catch him bending to-night.

**189.—UNDER THE ANHEUSER BUSH.**

Come, come, come and make eyes with me,  
Under the Anheuser Bush.  
Come, come, drink some Budwise with me,  
Under the Anheuser Bush.  
Hear the old German band—  
Just let me hold your hand, yah,  
Do, do, come and have a stein or two,  
Under the Anheuser Bush.

**190.—VETERAN SONG.**

"Long live the King!"—don't you hear 'em singing,  
Don't you hear 'em shouting as the troops go by.  
"Long live the King!" that's the song they sing,  
"God bless the King!" is the nation's loving cry.

191.—VIVE LA COMPAGNIE.

Bring hither a beaker and fill it with wine,  
Vive la compagnie!  
And pledge our regiment ninety times nine,  
Vive la compagnie!  
Vive le, vive le, vive le roi,  
Vive le, vive le, vive le roi,  
Vive le roi, vive le reine,  
Vive la compagnie!

192.—WAL, I SWAN!

Wal, I swan! I mus' be gettin' on!  
Gitdap, Napoleon! it looks like rain.  
Wal, I'll be switched! the hay ain't pitched,  
Come in when you're over to the farm again.

193.—WHEN I LOST YOU.

I lost the sunshine and roses,  
I lost the Heavens of blue,  
I lost the beautiful rainbow,  
I lost the morning dew,  
I lost the Angel who gave me  
Summer, the whole winter through,  
I lost the gladness that turned into sadness,  
When I lost you.

194.—WHY DON'T YOU WORK?

O, why don't you work  
Like other men do?  
How the h—— can we work  
When there's no work to do.  
Hallelujah, you're a bum,  
Hallelujah, bum again;  
Hallelujah, give us a hand-out,  
Revive us again.



**195.—WHEN I WALTZ WITH YOU.**

When I waltz with you, when I waltz with you,  
Oh, your eyes seem to shine with something divine,  
Your glances, like wine, seem to melt into mine,  
There's a feeling grand, I can't understand,  
But it tells me I love you, yes, I do,  
When I waltz with you.

**196.—WAITING AT THE CHURCH.**

There was I waiting at the church, waiting at the church,  
When I found he'd left me in the lurch,  
Lord, how it did upset me.  
Then at last he sent me round a note,  
Here's the very note, this is what he wrote,  
I can't get away to marry you to-day,  
My wife won't let me.

**197.—WE PARTED ON THE SHORE.**

So we parted on the shore, yes, we parted on the shore,  
I said, "Good-bye, love, I'm off to Baltimore,"  
Then I kissed her on the ship, and the crew began to roar,  
Heeley ho, Heeley ho, and we parted on the shore.

**198.—WHO ARE YOU WITH TO-NIGHT?**

Who are you with to-night? Oh, who are you with to-night?  
Who is the dreamy peach and creamy vision of sweet delight?  
Is it your little sister, mister? answer me honor bright,  
Will you tell your wife in the morning who you were with  
to-night?

**199.—WHO ARE YOU GETTING AT, EH?**

Who are you getting at, eh? who are you getting at, eh?  
You think you're clever, upon my life.  
You go home and look at your wife,  
Talking about my lovely shape, piping me off on the sly,  
If I'd got any clothes on I'd come out, I'd give you a slosh  
in the eye!

**200.—WALTZ ME AROUND AGAIN, WILLIE.**

Waltz me around again, Willie, around, around, around,  
The music is dreamy, it's peaches and creamy, oh, don't let  
my feet touch the ground;  
I feel like a ship on the ocean of joy, I just want to holler  
out loud, "Ship ahoy!"  
Oh, waltz me around again, Willie, around, around, around.

**201.—WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH FATHER?**

What's the matter with father? He's all right,  
What's the matter if father's hair is white.  
I'm very fond of the other sex,  
But dad's the fellow who signs the cheques,  
What's the matter with father? He's all right.

**202.—WAITING FOR THE ROBERT E. LEE.**

Watch them shufflin' along,  
See them shufflin' along,  
Go take your best gal, real pal,  
Go down to the levee,  
I said to the levee—and join that shufflin' throng,  
Hear that music and song,  
It's simply great, mate,  
Waitin' on the levee,  
Waitin' for the Robert E. Lee.

**203.—WHERE THE RIVER SHANNON FLOWS.**

Where dear old Shannon's flowing,  
Where the three-leaved shamrock grows,  
Where my heart is, I am going  
To my little Irish Rose.  
And the moment that I meet her,  
With a hug and kiss I'll greet her,  
For there's not a colleen sweeter  
Where the River Shannon flows.

**204.—WHEN I GET YOU ALONE TO-NIGHT.**

When I get you alone to-night,  
When I get you alone to-night,  
You know we'll sit by the window,  
Pull down the shade,  
Oh, oh, oh, oh, don't be afraid.  
There'll be no one around to hear,  
There'll be no one around to fear,  
We'll be loving, billing, cooing,  
Just like ev'rybody's doing,  
When I get you alone to-night.

**205.—WILLIE'S GOT ANOTHER GIRL NOW.**

I sat over here, William over there,  
He was on the sofa, I was on the chair,  
Every time he spoke to me I was most polite,  
Ma kept popping in to see that everything was right,  
At half-past ten he said he must be leaving,  
Didn't seem at home, somehow,  
All the family crowded in to watch us say good-night,  
Willie's got another girl now!

**206.—WHO'S THE BEST MAN IN THIS TOWN?**

Who's the best man in this town?  
Colonel Mercer! Colonel Mercer!  
Who's the best man in this town?  
Colonel Mercer! Colonel Mercer!  
We're some soldier boys ourselves,  
We're some soldiers, we're some soldiers,  
But the best man in this town is  
Colonel Mercer! Colonel Mercer!

**207.—WHEN WAS THERE EVER A NIGHT LIKE THIS?**

When was there ever a night like this?  
When all the world seemed a song of bliss?  
When did the moon shine bright,  
Just like it shines to-night?  
When was there ever a love like mine,  
Filled with rapture that seems divine?  
When did the stars ever light up the sky,  
Sending new hopes so bright?  
When was there ever a night such as this,  
When was there such a night?

**208.—WE'VE HAD A LOVELY TIME, SO LONG, GOOD.  
BYE.**

You are just the girl that I could kiss,  
You are just the girl that I could miss,  
You are the girl I can't forget,  
You made me say "I'll get you yet,"  
What a shame you wear a wedding ring.  
Now you see I must sigh,  
Farewell, farewell, my own true love,  
We've had a lovely time, so long, good-bye.

**209.—WHEN UNCLE JOE PLAYS A RAG ON HIS OLD  
BANJO.**

When Uncle Joe plays a rag on his old banjo,  
Everybody starts a-swaying to and fro,  
Mammy waddles all around the cabin floor,  
Yelling, "Uncle Joe, gimme more, gimme more,"  
Folks come a-running when they hear the sound,  
Singing and a-dancing till they shake the ground,  
When Uncle Joe (plankity plank), plays a rag (plankity  
plank)  
On his old banjo.

**210.—WHEN THAT MIDNIGHT CHOO-CHOO LEAVES  
FOR ALABAM'.**

When the midnight choo-choo leaves for Alabam',  
I'll be right there,  
I've got my fare,  
When I see that rusty-haired conductor man,  
I'll grab him by the collar  
And I'll holler "Alabam'! Alabam'!"  
That's where you stop your train,  
That brings me back again,  
Down home where I'll remain,  
Where my honey-lam' am,  
I'll be right there with bells,  
When that old conductor yells "All-a-board! All-a-board,  
All-a-board for Alabam'!"

211.—YOU'RE MY BABY.

You're my baby, you're a wonderful child,  
I like to have you 'round to make a fuss over me,  
I like to bounce you up and down upon my knee,  
For you're my baby, you certainly were made for me,  
If you should go away, I'd get right down and pray,  
That you'd come back to me, because I love you so, for  
you're my baby.

212.—YIP-I-ADDY-I-AI.

Yip! I-addy-I-ai, I-ai!  
Yip! I-addy-I-ai!  
I don't care what becomes of me,  
When you play me that sweet melodie.  
Yip! I-addy-I-ai, I-ai!  
My heart wants to shout out Hooray (Hooray)  
Sing of joy, sing of bliss,  
Home was never like this,  
Yip! I-addy-I-ai!

213.—YOU'RE A GREAT BIG BLUE-EYED BABY.

For you're a great big blue-eyed baby, you're the sweetest  
thing I know,  
And, dearie, oh, oh, oh, oh, I just like to bet che, if you  
linger long I'll get che,  
You're a great big blue-eyed baby, I want to pet you like  
a child of three,  
But there is one thing I want understood, when you're  
around me I just can't be good,  
I want to hug and kiss you like your mamma would, her  
great big blue-eyed baby.

214.—YOU'LL DO THE SAME THING OVER AGAIN.

You'll do the same thing over, over again, over again,  
You'll do the same thing over, over and over again,  
You will meet with some nice little girlie,  
She'll smile at you sweetly, and then  
You'll go buy the ring, and you'll do the same thing  
Over and over again.



**215.—YOU'LL HAVE TO WAIT TILL MY SHIP COMES IN.**

You'll have to wait till my ship comes in, ship comes in,  
ship comes in,  
You'll have to wait till my ship comes in, ye ho, my lads,  
ye ho;  
And that's the time you will get your tin, get your tin,  
get your tin,  
And when I return I'll have money to burn, after my ship  
comes in.

**216.—YOU CAN LOOK AND YOU CAN LISTEN, BUT  
MUM IS THE WORD.**

You can look and you can listen, but m-u-m is the word,  
Don't forget you mustn't mention 'bout what you've seen  
or heard;  
Be a wise old owl, not a parrot, you know.  
Keep your eyes wide open and see the whole show;  
If the girl in blue tries to cure the blues for you,  
Look and listen, but mum's the word.

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